

Daily Eagle

M. H. MURDOCK, Editor.

But Populist Perturbation.

In the attempt to strengthen their contention for governmental ownership, and for municipal control of corporate interests, and of public utilities, Pop speakers and writers are wont to cite federal administration of the postoffice service. If the general government, through its officials, can run the postal service of the country so satisfactorily to its patrons, why not run the railways as well, and why not other things? It is true that the postal service is efficient, the most satisfactory of any public service. But these writers and speakers ignore the important fact of its cost. The postal service, as run by a multiplicity of officials, by bureaus and departments, is at a cost, over and above its receipts, of many millions of dollars annually. The deficit this year is something like nine millions of dollars. If the operation of the railroads of this country, by public officials, were to be at the same rate or per cent of loss, the deficit would swamp the United States treasury in the briefest time. A Rockefeller or a Carnegie could, as the head of a postal trust, perform the service of carrying and delivering the mails of the United States at one-half the present rate and save millions annually. A trust of the kind could out letter postage to a cent, and all other classes in two, and clean up a colossal fortune every year, and the service would be just as prompt, efficient and safe. Corporation combines and tontine trusts are tough and intolerable things, but governmental ownership and political control of public utilities would result, and swiftly, in such an expensive service as would first bankrupt and then enslave the people.

It Was a Missouri Ox That Was Gored.

When it comes to twisting the truth the Missouri man can give the average tornado turns upon turns and still come out ahead. As usual, the Missouri newspapers have struck their Kansas springtime cyclone gait. The dispatch appearing yesterday morning, under a Kansas City date, detailing the destruction which was found strewn along the tracks of fourteen twisters which should have tornados across central Kansas on Sunday, had half-curling dimensions. The half-column dispatch was supplemented by a three-line note stating that a tornado had twisted things out of shape the same day in the vicinity of Maryville, Missouri. From the half-column howl about fourteen twisters in Kansas in a single day we fished out that a shack up near Ellinwood, Kansas, had been blown over and a barn and a house at another place named, which place we never heard of and cannot find on the map. Nobody was killed or badly injured in any one or all of these fourteen Kansas twisters. The three-line account of the Missouri twister reads: "A small sized tornado Sunday evening near Maryville, Mo., destroyed a dozen houses and barns."

Kansas Egg and Zinc and Salt Mines.

Until recently Kansas has never been estimated as anything but a very strictly agricultural state, a little given to politics, but almost wholly to corn and wheat, to cattle and hogs, to hay and horses, and incidentally, or rather, necessarily, to all the lines of fruits, including hen fruit. There was no thought of minerals, or oil or gas or salt as possible prominent factors of production and of wealth. But it turns out that Kansas boasts the greatest salt deposits in the world, which only await mining development. Following the discovery of salt came zinc, lead, oil and gas, and in such volumes as are cutting a large figure in the aggregate of Kansas productions. The last claim made for Kansas in the mineral line is the discovery of gold-bearing quartz and shales. But the lead and zinc take the lead in Kansas' mineral output. State Labor Commissioner W. L. H. Johnson, who has been collecting the zinc and lead interests, says that the value of zinc produced from the Galena district in 1899 was \$744,200.45 greater than that of 1898, and the lead produced was \$22,754.95 greater, though it was 1,649,360 pounds less. The year 1899 was the most prosperous in the history of the state's lead and zinc mining. This was due to several causes, but primarily to a marked advance in the price of lead and zinc. The average price of zinc ore for 1899 was \$42.31, against \$26.32 for 1898. In 1898 lead ore sold for \$21.02 for 1,000 pounds, while it brought \$26.32 in 1899. The total value of the output of lead and zinc for 1899 was \$1,224,004.40. The total value of the output for 1898 was \$2,447,023.

The Cullom Bill Still Hangs Fire.

It is said that the Kansas delegation in congress is a unit for the Cullom bill. The people of the state, without regard to party, will be pleased over such an assurance. The Cullom bill is a rich measure and an equitable one as to the railroad interests of the country. The demand from the people for the passage of the bill is almost a unanimous one. Popular support has been unquestioned, while that of the commercial interests has been imperative. As the president of the National League of Associations writes, it is generally recognized as the best and most important anti-trust law that could be placed upon the statute books; because it strikes at conditions which make the industrial combination or trust possible. The people know that without favors in transportation, which are not only granted to, but are often forced by the great manufacturing and trade combinations, they cannot continue to drive the smaller concerns out of business. They know, too, that under the present impotent law there is no relief to be obtained from the oppression suffered through discriminations practiced in favor of these great commercial trusts by their friends, the greatest of all "trusts"—the railroad combinations.

This is not a question of party or politics as yet, but of through domination of railway influences in congress, the attempt which is being made to strangle this bill in committee and prevent it from reaching action by the legislative body shall succeed, it certainly will become one of the vital issues of the next national campaign.

The Original Champion of Free Homes.

The "free homes" bill, passed by the national house of representatives last Thursday, for which Dennis Flyn worked so faithfully and unceasingly, throws open to free settlement, as we understand it, \$3,000,000 acres of land which have been acquired from Indian tribes. If the senate passes the bill, of which there is every prospect, it will save to Oklahoma, or to her hardy settlers, fifteen or more millions of dollars, in going into the coffers of Uncle Sam would have made him little richer but the settler very much poorer. It is a noteworthy fact that one of the fore-

most advocates of this measure was the veteran congressman, Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania, who left the speaker's chair of the house in 1882 to advocate the famous homestead bill which was passed and which did so much for the building up of the great west. Then he was the youngest member of the house. Now he is the oldest. But his speech on Thursday in favor of re-establishing the policy of the famous homestead bill is said to have been uncommonly effective.

That Hole in the Short Grass Regions.

The editor of the Lawrence Journal, himself a former short-grass locum tenens, or, the like, in becoming interested in the destruction of sub-irrigation in the diversion of the raging Ruckensack by the canteloupe growers of Colorado, in recalling former experiences and observations, writes:

"Away out in the short-grass country there is a hole. It is twelve miles long, six miles wide and several feet deep. It looks as though the original intention of the Creator had been to make a lake there, but, finding he had neglected to furnish the country with water, changed his mind and left it as it was, just a common, ordinary hole in the ground. Now, away off to the south of this hole the sandy bed of the Arkansas winds among the dunes, and men who have noticed things closely have observed that at certain seasons of the year there is some water in that river. It is in the early summer when the people of Colorado are so busy holding up tourists that they have not time to steal it all out. Ordinarily the Colorado folks take it all, but during the open season for lungers they have a more profitable business on hand, and can afford to let a little water, rather than a tourist, escape. But to return: When these men had watched the water for a day or two, (it seldom stays longer), they conceived the plan of cutting a ditch from the river to the hole in the ground, and turning the raging mixture of sand and water into the hole. The ditch, a big, wide, deep one, was actually dug. It is still dug. Legend has it that the man who dug it lost his pocketbook somewhere in the bottom of the ditch. Any way, he never turned the water on, and it is estimated that several thousand railroads have actually meandered down past Wichita, much to the disgust of that town, for it has no earthly use for it and hates to look at it, and a story comes up from as far down as the Indian Territory to the effect that a few drops passed the state line. But this is probably one of Dave Leahy's yarns. Well, these wise men, among them the builder of the Kansas City, Lawrence and Topeka Bumpo railroad, purpose turning the waters fresh from the Arkansas sands into that Barton county hole and make a fish pond of it. In order to make a success of the plan, it is necessary to have some water. Hence, the attorney general has gone to Washington and asked leave to file an injunction against Colorado to make her quit stealing our water. It is a great scheme, and one worthy the mind of a master. And when the tide of the Arkansas is turned into that hole, the water will disappear like a candidate's money on election day, and the promoters of the scheme will get just about as valuable returns for it as the candidate gets for his money."

The New Feminine Fad.

Society in Washington is going daft over the graceful exercise of fencing, the result of the efforts of Miss Marguerite Cassini, the niece of the Russian ambassador, to introduce the sport as an aid to health and beauty. An exhibition was given in the capital the other day for the exclusive set by the young women of the official circle, who had formed a class under Miss Cassini's leadership, and now there are new classes springing up, so fascinated were the spectators by the exercises, which develop strength without unduly straining and taxing the physical system. Miss Cassini is quoted as saying that she does not wonder that many society women collapse under the nervous strain of their social duties, so little thought is given to health and proper exercise. She declares that fencing bestows grace as well as strength upon its devotees, and adds frankly that though her own countrywomen are not as sweet-faced as their American sisters, they are beautiful in a different way. They are, she says, generally strong, graceful and in perfect health.

This is a year when everybody should run for president. The United Christians nominated a man the other day. Debs is a candidate. Barker is a candidate. McKinley will be so. So will Bryan, and Uncle George Dewey will break in if anybody will have him. And even this list leaves the prohibitionists unaccounted for.

When a horse kicked a man in St. Louis, Dewey, who saw it, turned his head the other way. Dewey is a sailor. If he should ever come across a threshing machine he would probably fall on his knees and scream.

As soon as England is through with her South African war she will turn loose the vials of her wrath on America. America is not for England, and England knows it. She will let us know later what she thinks of us.

This year the Populists will nominate Bryan first. The Democratic nomination at Kansas City will be only an endorsement. Still, Bryan is thinking harder about Kansas City than he about Sioux Falls.

The nearer the middle of the road a Populist gets the more on the fight he is. Barker and Donnelly may get into a quarrel over which shall be the presidential nominee of the Cincinnati convention.

Emperor William recently said: "I live in an epoch of publicity; of the spoken word." William has a whole lot in that head of his. The emphatic, dominating factor of the present day is publicity.

The people at Mafeking, it is reported, are becoming discouraged. It would almost discourage any one to sit around for months starving to death, with nothing to read but cook books.

The attendance at the middle-of-the-road Populist convention at Cincinnati was small, but enough were present to provide nominees for president and vice-president.

Mark Twain says that a man's principles are really his prejudices. That he has no principles and has decided to run for president. That will strike Dewey as sensible.

The fighting in the Transvaal is now around a river which is Vet. That is more than can be said for the Arkansas a good many months in the year.

Only conscious that he is regarded as a hero and entirely unconscious of the fact that he is not a candidate, Dewey is still having a pretty good time.

There is a great fright on in Illinois over the Republican nomination for governor. The country districts think Chicago is trying to gobble the job.

Webster Davis, it is developing, made that South African trip with the idea of being the Republican candidate for vice president.

The British army, although it is moving with all the grace and beauty and speed of an ice wagon, really seems to be advancing.

It develops that Aguinaldo is not dead at all. Instead of the ground covering Aguinaldo, he is still covering ground.

July 5 is a date Dewey will remember to the end of his life as the date when something hit him and woke him up.

Ignatius Donnelly believes that the free silver question has been side-tracked.

Willie Wichman's Rise.

Andy Breen and Willie Wichman were in love with the same girl. Their contest over the affections of Annie Haywood had gone on for about six months. Apparently neither had gained a lead. Annie could not bring herself to make a choice. She liked them both.

This was perhaps peculiar, for the suitors were of distinctly different temperaments. Breen was staid. He thought much of an appearance than of education or sober knowledge of any kind. He was gallant and pleasing to the ladies, and was considered a good catch by the majority of the village. He was head salesman in the country store at Woodstock, where anything from a hairpin to a play could be purchased. He represented the munificent sum of \$5 per week.

Willie Wichman, on the other hand, was rough-shod, but good-natured, and was working in the saw mill. He was a young man into whom a manly mind of the village. He was head salesman in the country store at Woodstock, where anything from a hairpin to a play could be purchased. He represented the munificent sum of \$5 per week.

Willie was being brought up to the trade of a cooper. His father was the most widely-known tradesman in the village. One night, after a small society gathering, Willie went home feeling downcast. He thought he had lost the girl, and decided he would go to New York, make a name for himself, return and carry off the prize. So, on Saturday the weekly paper printed this item: "Willie Wichman is going to New York to make his fortune."

Andy Breen felt happy and easy after this. His way would be clear. He had told her his intentions and she had given him her blessing.

In two weeks the local paper announced: "Willie Wichman, who left us a fortnight ago, has secured a position in the employ of the X. L. N. T. Railroad, New York."

Everybody seemed glad that the young man was getting along, but the paragraph created no great furor. Along about three months afterward another item appeared, thus: "Mr. William Wichman, son of his father, has been promoted and is now a trusted employee of the great X. L. N. T. Railroad, New York."

During the period of Willie's absence Andy Breen had had a flourishing time in his courtship. He and Annie had almost fallen in love with each other. They were engaged.

When the last account of Willie's doings appeared the girl began to think she had made a mistake in accepting Andy without waiting to see how the other suitor advanced. So she put her wedding off, saying she would like to wait a little longer.

The whole village talked. In their imagination they could see the representative of the village at the head of the great railroad corporation. Andy Breen naturally took the matter to heart. The postponement of his wedding made him look like the proverbial 30 cents in the eyes of the people. One day Mrs. Haywood announced to her daughter that she was going to New York to do some shopping. Annie declined to be taken along.

The afternoon the girl and her mother arrived in the city Annie slipped away. Straight to the X. L. N. T. Railroad she made her way. Inquiry at the ferry-house brought no information as to the object of her search. She crossed the ferry.

The day was unpleasant. A drizzling rain was falling and a heavy fog hung over the Hudson river.

Annie asked more questions on the Jersey side. No one could tell her what she wanted to know. Finally she started back. She walked to the end of the ferry dock.

As she was about to step on the boat a man greeted her eyes which made her hold her breath for a second. There was Willie, high up on the side of the ferry slip.

He was smiling the fog bell. Annie married Andy Breen the next week.

Successor to Volapuk.

The disastrous end of Volapuk has not discouraged Leon Bollock, a man of energy and pluck, who offers today to the educated public another practical international language—"the blue language"—in a book called "Theoretic Review of the Blue Language." The cover of his little book is decorated with a blue marquette. It is the emblem of the new language—one of the fundamental rules of the author was inspired by the remembrance of a youthful amusement that consisted in pulling the petals from a daisy, one by one, after naming each for some sweetheart, and saying, "I love you." "A little." "A great deal." "Passionately." "Not at all." It is at the same time a profound analysis of the ordinary march of the affections. By expressing with the four vowels—e, i, o, u—the four adverbs—little, very much, passionately, not at all—Mr. Bollock creates four prefixes that permit him to modify by their delicate shades the meaning of each root word in his language. In this way love means love, Olvy, little love or sympathy. Elvov, more love—passion. Dov, frony of love, or love to the death. The book is a rule of nomenclature, much employed by the inventor, and seems to symbolize his method of demonstration. The idea of Mr. Bollock is not to substitute his language for another, but that it should be the second—the one takes to itself his neighbors to Europe and for the use of business between two nations speaking no common language. His motto is "the second for all." He also creates a Masonic sign by which all persons speaking the blue may recognize each other.

Youthful Reasoning.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

A Detroit teacher was discussing an arithmetical problem to a junior grade class.

"Now," said she, "I have two apples in this hand and two apples in the other. How many that make?"

Up went several tiny hands, and Johnny being selected to answer, replied that the total sum of objects was "four."

"Right," said the teacher. "Four apples?" inquired the teacher.

"No," said Johnny, "only two apples." All of the class seemed satisfied with this answer except a little fellow in the front of the room who remained silent and thoughtful. He was Rubie, the milkman's son. The teacher, observing his abstraction, said:

"What's the matter, Rubie? Don't you think that's right?"

There was a puzzled expression on little Rubie's face as he replied:

"Well, in my mind, on my farm, I takes two quart milk an' two quart milk. It always makes four quart milk."

And Rubie, the milkman's son, smiled and went home.

Didn't Love the Country.

(From the Atlanta Journal.)

Judge John I. Hall of Mason, one of the lawyers ablest, is here attending the supreme court.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Mr. Hesser of Ingalls has nine sons, and each son owns two acres of land.

Temple Houston of Woodward was one of the finest collections of Indian curios in the world.

There is a probability that Dennis Flyn will refuse to head the Philadelphia convention delegation.

J. C. Pringley of Lincoln county will try for a place on the Philadelphia delegation next Thursday.

Newsday is swelling up with pride over the fact that it will be the first city in Oklahoma to do any paving.

Reverend Monroe of El Reno and Reverend Boon of Oklahoma City, are traveling together in the Holyland.

If the Republicans have the next legislature of Oklahoma, Judge W. C. Stevens of Hennessey will be speaker of the house.

The French government is hunting in Oklahoma for a man who has fallen heir to a big estate. The man's name is not given out.

The Barnes and anti-Barnes men had some sort of scrap in the Logan county primaries the other day, but no one paid any attention to it.

Lewis Hornbeck, who made the Mingo minstrel one of the best papers in the Indian territory, is now making a map of the Osage nation.

The Free Homes bill is now on the senate calendar and pretty well up towards the head of the list. It will come to a vote this month.

A peculiarity of Oklahoma's peach crop this year, according to Harry Gist of Chandler, will be double and triple peaches. The trees blossomed that way.

The oratorical, intercollegiate contest in Guthrie last week is said to have been the most largely attended event in the history of Oklahoma, barring the openings.

The old-time weather prophets in Kansas and Oklahoma this year have cut loose from all signs and just arbitrarily predict that the present annum is going to be drouthy from the word go.

An Oklahoma paper, in speaking of a man who addresses an oratorical league meeting, declares: "Mr. Blank proved to his audience that he knew considerable more about the saloon than people gave him credit for."

Last week in Blaine county, James Gokett and Miss Mary Quisenberry eloped on foot. The parents finally located the couple at Okene and found them married and happy. They were blessed and forgiven.

The Chandler News printed the news of the passage of free homes in red ink. The End Sun-Eagle made a good display of the news. All the Republican papers played the matter up joyously. Some of the Democratic papers made a mistake by showing their grouches.

Oklahoma City Times-Journal: The photographers of Oklahoma territory met in the Odd Fellows hall here today and effected an organization. The following officers were elected: President, Harry R. Pottinger, Kingsfisher; first vice-president, P. L. Connor, Purcell; second vice-president, J. W. Hall, Oklahoma City; secretary, W. M. Oliver, Oklahoma City; treasurer, W. P. Brooks, Norman. There were about 25 photographers present. The initiative for the organization was taken by Mr. Pottinger, the president, who made arrangements for the meeting and is largely responsible for the success of the organization. A constitution and by-laws will be adopted later.

Blackwell Spoon: One of our bright, observing little school girls hands in the following composition on the subject, "The Cow," which is quite original: "A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side; the tail is longer than the two legs, but not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. The cow is bigger than her calf, but not so big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go into the barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black, and some black. Black cows are usually milk; no do other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy their wives new dresses, which they put chalk and water in. Cows chew cud and each feeds her own cows. And that's all there is about cows."

Along the Kansas Nile.

To a Kansas nothing is more frightful than a tornado, unless it is two.

Harry Maynard, a young boy of Parsons, recently caught a six-pound black bass.

It is reported from Topeka that Joe Hudson will be permanent chairman of the state Republican convention.

Ingalls has heard that he is charged with plagiarizing "Ad Astra per Aspera" and will write a "piece" about it.

The eastern paint manufacturers have discovered that Kansas is using more paint than any other western state.

There are now in the Kansas penitentiary 1,000 prisoners, more than were ever in the prison at one time before.

In another month the Kansas wheat harvest will be on and it is going to be a record-breaker unless it rains on the bloom.

J. W. Robinson, whose farms lie in Seagrave and Butler counties, are comprised 1600 acres, and is said to be the biggest farmer in Kansas.

Kansas has never yet made a war against Colorado's appropriation of the water in the Arkansas, that that river didn't rise the next day.

A dispatch from Kanopolis announces that eight funnel-shaped clouds were bounding along the ground there at one time, last Sunday. Ah, there, Kanopolis!

It is singular, but most of the cyclists in Kansas come on Sundays. The people have time to sit on their trunks and porches and look on sky scenes to cut up for the benefit of the children.

A school teacher correspondent wrote in the items she sent into the local paper: "The measles have broken out in this neighborhood." The editor changed "measles" to "chay" and the teacher came in and punched him with her umbrella.

Newton Republican: "We learn something every day, strange as that may seem," said Dr. Axel today. "We found out something decidedly new at the meeting of the State Medical society this week. It is not in our medical books, but it has been tested. Although a person may have had smallpox, vaccination will 'take' just the same as though he had not had the disease. This was a revelation, because the physicians, as well as the 'daisy' have had the contrary opinion for years. I believe it has been tested here. I think you remember the Toove children were vaccinated after having what was called the 'chickenpox.' It took, which was accepted as proof positive that it was chickenpox. It is my belief now, from my knowledge of the case, they had a mild form of smallpox."

The Populist central committee had imported a man from New York to make a speech. He was about to arise to speak when a prominent Kansas Populist farmer arose and said: "Let me say a word. All we farmers know that hard-wire has gone away up out of sight. It is high as Pike's Peak, a pool of barbed-wire is worth more than a fence; the price of it is awful, and McKinley is personally responsible for its price; but we farmers don't get barbed-wire, we don't need it. We don't make picture frames out of it; we don't much trees with it, or shoe horses with it; we don't draw water with it, or drive nails with it; we don't use it for building, or plow hay with it; we don't shoot corn with barbed-wire, or make hostesses of it. I arise in my place this evening to make the statement that this young gentleman from the east may understand that we have heard the barbed-wire argument, and it is just a trifle old." The young orator from the east arose, his foot, which had just stepped and dropped dead. For the barbed-wire speech was the one he had intended to make.

Geo. Innes & Co.

Welcome, Sir Knights

A Pleasant Place to Visit

This is our object and our idea of good storekeeping—to endeavor to make it so interesting here for you that an outing is incomplete without a visit to this great store. Hundreds of money-saving attractions to be found throughout this busy house.

Soap Sale Thursday

Peet Bros.' pure Buttermilk Toilet Soap (3 cakes in box). The usual price is 15c per box; in our May Sale Thursday you can buy it at 7c per box. Not more than five boxes to one customer.

Friday Is Remnant Day

Friday, May 11th, we will place on sale all short lengths and odds and ends, the accumulation of the past three months' brisk trading. They have been marked regardless of cost. The prices placed on them will clear the lot out in one day.

Mid-Summer Opening

Thursday, Friday and Saturday we will have a mid-summer opening of Millinery, to which you are invited. This will be a great attraction for the summer-girl. May sale prices (very low prices) will prevail.

Boston Store

We Hope to See You at the

FIRE SALE

TODAY—Don't Miss It

Boston Store

The Purchasing Agent

for one of the large brass rolling mills in Connecticut had a "mighty hard time" with his stomach. "I used to get up in the morning feeling 150 years old," he said, "and at meal time I felt faint, but still I had an insatiable appetite. I was cross and irritable. I didn't take any interest in business or anything else, and finally I got so bad I had the jaundice and was as yellow as sulphur. I was getting to be a perfect wreck and I didn't care so very much whether I lived or died. It was at this point that I began using Ripans Tablets, but before I had used three dozen my natural color began to return. All my stomach trouble has disappeared and now I consider myself well."

WATSON—A case of indigestion that RIPPAN'S will cure. They break up and remove the food that stays in the stomach and causes indigestion. It is the only medicine that will cure indigestion. It is the only medicine that will cure indigestion. It is the only medicine that will cure indigestion.

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